

THE DELAYS THAT DIMMED THE LIGHTS OUT

That turned the very eye-balls inward
as in some grand mal seizure when strangu-

Lation on my own tongue was thought the only
paramount danger. My dangers bristle

Like the quills of a porcupine -- except
how singular and separate and monstrous

Each vicious spine is known to be.
Not as if it were only a tender piece of quick

They were presumed to protect. Protect!
whom and what, for what, who, when

And where? How come? As if the sorrow were
that I did not, long ago, not lay it bare.

I ONCE DID A HILARIOUSLY FUNNY

Poem about a lady with her clitoris
in her throat -- just like Linda

Lovelace. A senior editor at Ms. re-
plied scathingly, Man, who do you think

You are, Charley Bukowski? In fact
her clitoris was on the end of her

Nose. But I knew the feminist press
would not be amused to learn a lady

Could get multiple orgasms just
from wiping her post-nasal drip.

-- Judson Crews

Albuquerque NM